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Programs for special
days: Lee, Jackson,
Temperance Day.

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Programs for Special Days

Robert E. Lee, January 19

Thomas J. Jackson, January 21

Temperance or Law and Order Day, January 28

1927



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INTRODUCTION

Under the provision of section 368, chapter 136, Public Laws of 1923, a day known as Temperance and Law or Order Day is set aside by the General Assembly to be observed in the public schools, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction is required under the act to prepare, or cause to be prepared, a suitable program of exercises whereby the children in the public schools of the State may duly observe this day.

Section 370 of the same act authorizes the Superintendent of Public Instruction to prepare, or cause to be prepared, a program suitable for the observance in the schools of the birthday of Robert E. Lee and the birthday of Thomas J. Jackson.

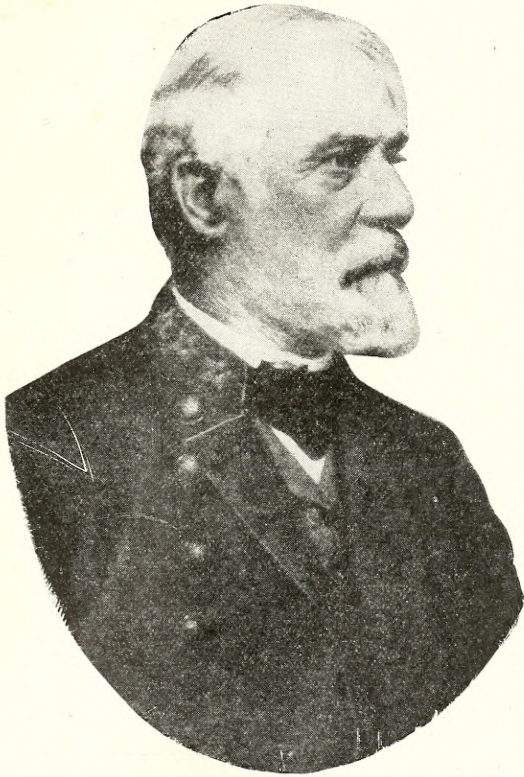
As these three special days all come in the month of January, I have caused programs to be prepared for each of these three days and to be printed in the same bulletin for the convenience of superintendents, principals, and teachers. I hereby, under the authority of law, designate Friday, January 28th, as Temperance and Law or Order Day. These three programs are printed together so that schools may use them all on one day, provide three separate exercises, or make such combinations in each case as may seem wise to the teachers and to the administrative officers.

Each part of this bulletin was prepared by a separate person, Miss Fulghum of the Division of School Inspection prepared the program for the observance of the birthday of Robert E. Lee; Miss Maycie Southall of the Division of Rural Supervision prepared the program for the observance of the birthday of Thomas J. Jackson; and Mrs. T. E. Johnston of the Division of Teacher Training prepared the program for the observance of Temperance and Law or Order Day.

I hope all the school officials and teachers of the State will take these special days into account and give due consideration to their observance.

A. T. Allen

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.



"DUTY is the sublimest word in our language."

—ROBERT E. LEE.

P 14008

PROGRAM
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S BIRTHDAY

January 19, 1927

- I. The Lord's Prayer.
- II. Bible Reading—Psalm XXIV.
- III. Hymn—Onward Christian Soldiers.
- IV. Reading—Life of General Lee.
 - His Boyhood.
 - At West Point.
 - The Young Engineer and Soldier.
 - General Lee, The Great Leader.
 - Appomattox.
 - Lee—The Educator.
- V. Poem—The Sword of Lee.
- VI. Hymn—How Firm a Foundation.
- VII. Recitations—Some Incidents In His Life.
 - “Old Nat.”
 - His Letter to His Son.
 - The Friend of Little Children.
 - Traveler.
- VIII. Song—Dixie.
- IX. Reading—Lee, The Christian Gentleman.
- X. Poem—Little Giffen.
- XI. Poem—The Blue and the Gray.
- XII. Song—America.
- XIII. Song—The Old North State.

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SUGGESTED MATERIAL FOR PROGRAM

THE LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE*

His Boyhood

Westmoreland County, Virginia, is a little county lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers. It is not more than thirty miles long, and about half as broad, but it has probably given our country more great men than any other spot of its size in the United States. George Washington was born there, and James Monroe, as were also the famous Lees—Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, Arthur, and “Light Horse Harry.”

General Henry Lee, Robert Edward Lee’s father, was known as “Light Horse Harry Lee.” He served in the army under George Washington, and later on was in Congress. When Washington died, he prepared the Memorial Address, containing the famous words, “first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.” Robert’s mother was Anne Carter, of Virginia, a good and noble woman.

Stratford, the Lee home, was one of the most beautiful and interesting of the Colonial mansions of Virginia. Its timbers were of solid hewn oak of great size, and the brick used in the building were brought from England. It contained seventeen rooms, besides the great hall, and on the roof were two pavilions or summer houses made with the chimneys for columns and connected by a gallery. From them was seen the broad and stately Potomac River. Around the house were great oaks, cedars, and maples, and the drive through the grounds led to a magnificent grove of maples. There were, in addition to the house, four large offices, the kitchen, and stables to accommodate perhaps a hundred horses. The house is still standing.

In this home, on January 19th, 1807, was born Robert Edward Lee. The room in which he was born was the same one in which two signers of the Declaration of Independence had also been born. It was a fine, splendid home, and stood for honor, sincerity, and patriotism. The little boy, who was surrounded by books, by portraits of soldiers and statesmen, by beautiful silver and china and mahogany, loved and remembered always this beautiful home.

When Robert was four years old, his father moved with his family to Alexandria that his children might have better opportunities for an education; but as the boy grew older, he was often at Stratford, and also spent much time at Shirley on the James River, which was the beautiful home of his mother’s father, Charles Carter. At both places, he took part in the sports and games: shot patridges, ducks, and geese;

*Acknowledgment is made to Houghton-Mifflin Co. for helpful material from “Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls” by Hamilton and Hamilton.

fished, rowed, and sailed; swam in the summer, and skated in the winter. He spent much time on horseback, and became an expert horseman. He roamed freely through the woods and fields, and loved out-of-door life always.

It was two years after the Lees moved to Alexandria that General Henry Lee went to the West Indies, that journey from which he never returned to Virginia. He died five years later, when Robert was only eleven.

Although Robert's father went out of his life so early, his mother was left to him. She was his dearest friend, for she was the sort of mother a boy could have for a friend. Her thoughts were always of her children, left entirely to her care, and her life was filled with good works. When her two older sons left her, one for Harvard College, the other for the Navy, she gave all her attention to the little fellow who was left at home, and his two little sisters. His father wrote of him from the West Indies, "Robert was always good," and, striving to keep him so, Mrs. Lee taught him to think always of doing right. This thought stayed with him throughout his whole life, for had not his father said that a "Virginian's sons should be taught to always tell the truth"? He was taught industry, self-denial, self-control, truth, religion. He was taught the lessons of honor and pride. Patriotism he was born to, and he learned more of it through his school days at Alexandria. The place made him think of "the Father of his Country," and as Washington became the hero and ideal of Lee's boyhood, so he was in many ways the model of his manhood, for the study of Washington teaches patriotism.

Robert's first teacher in Alexandria was a gentleman named Mr. Leary, under whom the boy made rapid progress. He did unusually well in Latin and Greek. He and Mr. Leary were always devoted friends.

Then he went to a well-known school in Alexandria, taught by Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, who always spoke of Robert as a fine young man, and in later years, he wrote of his pupil:

"He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind time in his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentle, manly, and respectful to all his teachers and fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a neatness to everything he undertook."

In the Episcopal School at Alexandria he received careful religious training, but no doubt the deepest lessons that he learned were those that came from his mother's lips and life.

Not every young man of seventeen is strong enough to carry his mother about in his arms and yet suffer no harm from it. But young Robert Lee did it many times; and his erect, strong body bore the weight without the slightest harm. Passers-by on Orinoco Street, Alexandria,

Virginia, must have often seen Robert, hurrying home after school—bringing out his mother in his arms, and place her carefully in the comfortable old family coach. “Are you quite comfortable, mother?” he asked regularly, after he had settled her among the cushions of the big coach. And when sometimes the damp, chill wind blew up the river, he laughingly brought out some newspapers, and, with his pocket-knife, made curtains to keep out the drafts of air. This amused Mrs. Lee very much.

His mother was an invalid, and he spent most of his time, when out of school, with her. As her strength failed, the boy took many cares upon himself. He went to market, carried the big bunch of keys, cared for the horses, and took charge of the home. Do you wonder that, when he left for West Point, his mother said, “How can I do without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me.”

Though he was gentle, tender, and loving, he was also a manly, honorable boy. He liked all sports, especially hunting, and grew to be a very strong boy, loving fun, and jokes with his friends.

As Robert grew older, he began to plan for the future, for he was anxious to be able to support himself. Remembering that his father had been a soldier, he chose that as his career. His brother was already in the Navy, so Lee applied for an appointment to West Point, and received it for the term beginning in 1825.

Life at West Point

When Robert was eighteen, he entered the Academy at West Point. Here he wore a uniform of gray, with black trimmings and gilt buttons. The collar was so high it touched the tips of his ears. The trousers were so short that they came above the shoe tops, in spite of having straps which went under the feet. The cap was seven inches high, made of leather, and trimmed with a plume, a cord, and a gilt medallion with U. S. on it.

The rooms had very little furniture in them. At night narrow mattresses were spread on the floor. The cadets made their own fires. The blaze had to be started with flint, steel and tinder, as there were no matches.

The Academy stood for strict obedience. The breaking of rules was promptly punished. During his entire four years, Robert Lee never received a demerit or any punishment. He liked the military drill, for he was a born soldier. He was steadily promoted, until, in his last year, he was made adjutant of the battalion. Fun came in the half-holidays on Saturday, with long walks, good hunting, skating and riding. He made many friends, and these friendships lasted throughout his life. One of his best friends was Joseph E. Johnston.

Lee graduated second in a class of forty-six members. He was not only a handsome young soldier, who stood easily, with squared shoulders,

five feet eleven in height, but he was a brave and true gentleman, of fine manners.

The Young Engineer and Soldier

After leaving West Point, Robert Lee entered the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, and became Lieutenant Lee. He was sent to work on the fortifications at Hampton Roads.

About this time, his dear mother grew quite ill. He sat by her bedside day and night, and gave her all her food and medicine with his own hands. But his great care and love could not save her. He always said that he "owed everything" to his dear mother.

Lee did not stop his studies with his graduation from the Academy, but through hard work was promoted and stationed at Washington, as assistant to the chief engineer. A short while before this, he married Mary Custis, a charming young woman, who was the great granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington, and came to live at Arlington, a very beautiful old place on the Potomac River.

Later on his work as engineer took him to St. Louis to build dams and piles to save the city from the waters of the Mississippi. From St. Louis he went to New York to plan and build new forts to protect that city.

When war was declared between the United States and Mexico, Captain Lee went to Mexico with the army and fought all through the war. He was very brave, working day and night, building forts and fighting battles. General Scott said that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill and valor of Robert E. Lee, and that he was the best soldier that he ever saw in the field.

In the midst of all this fighting, his boys at home were ever in his thoughts. This is a part of what he wrote to his son Custis on Christmas-Eve, 1846: "I hope good Santa Claus will fill my Bob's stocking tonight; that Mildred's, Agnes's, and Anna's may break down with good things. I do not know what he may have for you and Mary, but if he leaves you one-half of what I wish, you will want for nothing. I think if I had one of you on each side of me, riding on ponies, I would be quite happy."

Not long after, he wrote to his boys thus: "The ponies here cost from ten to fifty dollars. I have three horses, but Creole is my pet. She is a golden dun color, and takes me over all the ditches I have yet met with."

When the war was at last ended, in 1848, Captain Lee went home for a short rest, after which he was sent to West Point, as the Superintendent of the Academy from which he had graduated twenty-three years before. His duty was to watch over the studies and training of the boys who would one day be officers in the army.

After three years at West Point, he was sent to Texas as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry. Out in Texas, many

hardships were endured and life was very lonely. In one of his letters home, he wrote:

"The great heat has made much sickness among the men. The children, too, have suffered. A bright little boy died from it a few days since. He was the only child, and his parents were much grieved at his loss. . . . For the first time in my life, I read the service of our church over the grave, to a large number of soldiers." A few days later, he again read the service over a little boy who had died.

In a long letter from Fort Brown, Texas, December, 1856, he says:

"I thought of you and wished to be with you." He wrote again, "Though absent, my heart will be in the midst of you; I can do nothing but love and pray for you all. My daily walks are alone, up and down the banks of the river, and my chief pleasure comes from my own thoughts, and from the sight of the flowers and animals I meet with here." In the midst of his wild, lonely life his thoughts were much with God and he was ever true to his faith in Christ.

Once when Colonel Lee was at home on a furlough he was ordered to Harper's Ferry to capture John Brown and his men, who had taken charge of the United States arsenal. Brown and his men were quickly taken prisoners, then tried and hung for treason.

Colonel Lee left Texas in 1861 to return to Washington and his family at Arlington—a brave, splendid man, ready always to do his duty.

General Robert E. Lee—The Great Leader

When at last the trouble between the North and South meant war, Colonel Lee was offered the chief command of the United States Army; but listen to his reply, "If I owned four millions of slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union, but to lift my hand against my own State and people is impossible."

Again he was asked to change his mind. All that day, and the next, Lee thought over the question. The night of April 19th he spent walking the floor, or kneeling to pray for God's guidance in making his final decision. At last he saw where his duty lay. He came downstairs, and said to his wife, "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation, and a letter I have written General Scott." These were the letters:

Arlington, Va., *April 20, 1861.*

GENERAL:

Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the Army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial

friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to meet your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me,

Most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

Arlington, Washington City P. O., *April 20, 1861.*

Hon. Simon Cameron,
Secretary of War.

SIR: I have the honor to tender the resignation of my commission as colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

Two days later, Lee bade Arlington a long and sorrowful farewell. He was never to see his beloved home again. Lee knew far better than most men in the South the strength and resources of the North, and he realized that the struggle would be long and victory hard fought. Yet he declined the highest rank in his profession that he might serve his own State. And he did this simply because he sought always to do the right as God gave it to him to see the right, and for him, a Lee of Virginia, there was no other choice. "Duty," he said, "is the sublimest word in our language." "There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle." Once he said to his son, Custis: "I know that wherever you may be placed, you will do your duty. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world." In this devotion to duty and calm trust in God lay the secret of his life.

He was a brilliant general, leading his men many times to victory. He was absolutely fearless, always ready to sacrifice himself, and dearly beloved by his soldiers.

Listen to what great men say about him:

Field Marshall Viscount Wolseley of the British Army visited the Confederate Army at headquarters. Of his first meeting with General Lee, he wrote:

"Every incident in that visit is indelibly stamped on my memory. All he said to me then, and in subsequent conversations is still fresh in my recollection. It is natural it should be so; for he was the ablest general, and to me seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with, and yet I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke, and Prince Bismarck. General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously im-

pressed and awed me with their inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial, winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of address, come back to me among my most cherished recollections. . . . His was indeed a beautiful character, and of him it might be written, 'In righteousness did he judge and make war.'

Colonel Henderson, the English historian, spoke of Lee as "undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest soldier who ever spoke the English tongue."

Theodore Roosevelt said, "Lee will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth."

But would you know the secret of his greatness? Then listen again to his own words: "There is a true glory and a true honor: the glory of duty done; the honor of integrity and principle." These words, written on an old slip of dingy paper, were found in an old knapsack which he had used throughout the war. How well he knew their meaning!

Appomattox

And so, for four long years, war went on. Overwhelmed by the large numbers in the enemy's army, General Lee knew that there was no hope of a final victory. His men were starved, and almost exhausted. Was it right to continue their suffering? Again he did his duty, and decided to give up the struggle. He surrendered to General Grant on April 9th, 1865.

The meeting between General Grant and General Lee has been described by one who was present:

"Grant sat at a marble-topped table, in the center of the room, Lee at a small oval table near the front window. Grant was not quite forty-three years old, five feet eight inches tall, shoulders slightly stooped, hair and beard nut-brown, wearing a dark blue flannel blouse, unbuttoned, showing vest beneath; ordinary top-boots, trousers inside; dark yellow thread gloves; without sword or spurs; and no marks of rank, except a general's shoulder-straps.

"General Lee, now fifty-eight years old, was six feet tall, with hair and beard turned silver gray. He wore a handsome uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, with three stars on each side of the turned-down collar, fine top-boots with handsome spurs, gray gauntlets, and at his side a splendid sword.

"At General Lee's request, the terms of the surrender were written out and signed by General Grant. The Confederate chieftan, thinking always of his faithful soldiers, suggested that he would like to have them allowed to take their horses home for use on their farms. General Grant said that the soldiers might keep their horses. He also arranged

to give General Lee's weary soldiers some food. The two generals shook hands, and once more General Lee rode away to his men. His words to them were:

"Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The next morning, General Lee sent his troops this farewell address:

"Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the conscientiousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

R. E. LEE, *General*.

On the same day, he rode away from his army, going to Richmond and his loved ones there. Taking off his hat, and bowing his head, silently he passed through the waiting crowd of friends to his own door.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

You offered at your country's call
"Your life, your fortune, and your all";
Pledging your sacred honor high,
For her to live, for her to die;
With her you cast your future lot,
And now, without one single spot
To dim the brightness of your fame,
Or cast a shadow o'er your name,
You lay your sword with honor down,
And wear defeat as 'twere a crown.

—MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

GENERAL LEE'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG SOLDIER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

. . . . Go to your home, my son.
Go to your home. Take up and build anew
The life you left for me and for the South.
Your duty is to live, and mine to live,
Forget the hatred of the war and be
Not a Virginian only, but being that
A new American, and transmit the pride
To your sons to be, that a new America

"Lee," by Edgar Lee Masters.

Lee—The Educator

After the war, he was offered the Presidency of Washington University, and here he gladly began the work of educating young men. Mounting his war horse, Traveller, General Lee rode alone four days westward across the Blue Ridge and quietly entered the town of Lexington. He spent the remainder of his life fitting the youth of the South for the duties of citizenship. General Lee enjoyed his work very much. His pupils loved him dearly. He told the boys, "We have but one rule here, that every student be a gentleman."

But as the years passed his health began to fail. He tried to regain his strength by travel and rest, but he was never well again. One evening, after a long and busy day, he was taken seriously ill. During his illness, he thought again of his battles. His last words, "Tell Hill he must come up," are still a message to all the boys and girls of our country to come up—up to the best and finest that is in them, in trying always to do their duty.

He was buried beneath the college chapel, not far from where Stonewall Jackson, his "strong right arm" sleeps. Together they rest under the shade of the trees.

The South mourned the death of its great leader. Throughout the whole country, tribute was paid to this great son, for "never had a mother a nobler son."

And today, we gather, once again on his birthday, to do him honor!

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

"He needs no shining Hall of Fame
To canonize his worth;
For, chisled by the Eternal Hand,
His cherished face and form will stand,
In loving hearts in every land,
Peerless in all the earth."

—W. A. CLARKE.

THE SWORD OF LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
 Beneath Virginia's sky—
 And they who saw it gleaming there,
 And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
 That where that sword led, they would dare
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain so free;
 Nor purer sword led braver band,
 Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
 Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be!
 And when our triumph was delayed,
 And many a heart grew sore afraid,
 We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
 'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
 It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
 Defeated, yet without stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

—ABRAM J. RYAN.

SOME INCIDENTS IN GENERAL LEE'S LIFE

Old Nat, the Coachman

When Robert came home from West Point, he found his mother's old coachman, "Uncle Nat," very ill. He had been his boyhood friend. Robert took him at once to the South, employed a good doctor, and nursed him with great care. But in the spring the good old slave died, and was laid to rest by the hand of his kind young master. We like to think of this thoughtful young man, helping to care so tenderly for the old servant.

General Lee's Letter to His Son

"You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do, on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you would wrong him, and wrong yourself, by equivocation of any kind.

"Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one. . . . Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. . . . We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of anyone.

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable

gloom and darkness—still known as ‘the dark day’—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse.

“The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

“Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place, doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty.

“There was quietness in that man’s mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.”

The Friend of Little Children

He loved children and children loved him. On one occasion, having learned on a visit to a friend that two little boys in the family were sick with croup, he trudged back next day in the midst of a storm with a basket of pecans and a toy for his little friends.

Once during the war, he wrote Mrs. Lee, “Yesterday, three little girls walked into my room, each with a small basket. The eldest had some fresh eggs, the second some pickles, and the third some pop-corn which had grown in her garden. They had with them a young maid with a block of soap made by her mother. . . . I had not had so nice a visit for a long time. I was able to fill their baskets with apples and begged them to bring me hereafter nothing but kisses and to keep the eggs and corn for themselves.”

One Sunday, during the war, he went to service at a crowded church. There he saw a little girl in a faded dress standing just inside the door looking for a seat. “Come with me, my little lady,” said the great soldier, “and you shall sit by me.” So side by side sat the two friends.

He knew all of the children in Lexington, and along the roads and by-paths of his daily rides, and they were always delighted when they met him. He could be seen at any time stopping on the streets to kiss some bright-eyed little girl, or pass a joke with some little boy. One of these little friends would go to the chapel service often and sit by the general, who treated him very kindly. The boy had the idea that wherever he saw General Lee, his place was by his side. At the next college commencement, the little fellow stole away from his mother. Before she knew of it, he was on the platform, sitting at the general’s feet, gazing up into his face, not knowing that he was out of place.

In a little while he went fast asleep, resting his head on the general's knees. The great man remained in one position for a long time, and suffered much discomfort, that he might not disturb the sleeping child.

At Healing Springs, General Lee was one day sitting in the parlor, talking with a number of women and children who had come to see him. A bright little fellow from Richmond ran in from a romp on the lawn. Seeing a pair of legs crossed, and belonging to a kind old gentleman, he mounted them for his horse and began to ride. This greatly amused the company. The mother feared that General Lee would be displeased, but the General was delighted, and, after allowing the little fellow to ride to his heart's content, took him in his lap, calling him his "merry little friend."

General Lee was also the friend of all animals. Once when the guns of the enemy could be heard, he said to his soldiers: "Men, you had better go into the back yard; they are firing up here and you might get hurt."

The men obeyed, but they saw their dear general walk across the yard, pick up something and place it in a tree over his head. They found out that the thing for which he had risked his life was only a little bird which had fallen from its nest. God had given the great soldier a heart so tender that he could stop amid the rain of shot and shell to care for a tiny fallen birdling.

Traveler

General Lee's horse was almost as well-known as his master. Traveler "always stepped as if conscious that he bore a king on his back." This noble horse bore his master throughout the war, and for several years afterwards. In a letter to his daughter, General Lee writes about Traveler:

"If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet who could then depict his worth, and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dwell upon his sagacity, affection, and invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts, through the long night marches, and the days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say that he has carried me through many long night marches and fierce battles."

These two friends, man and horse, understood each other. One example of the wisdom of the horse, and of his trust in his master, was often told. The horse had been taken from a steamboat, and became excited by the strange sounds on the wharf. He started up the street, alone, and was on the point of breaking into a wild gallop. At this

moment, Lee, directing the crowd to cease their shouts, gave a peculiar whistle. Traveler, hearing it, at once turned about toward the well-known signal, and returned to his master.

LEE—THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

In person, General Lee was strikingly handsome. He was tall in stature, and had a perfectly proportioned figure. His features were handsome, and his expression commanding, yet kind and willing. In his manner, he was quiet and modest but thoroughly self-possessed. He was courteous and kind to all, and the humblest private in the army approached him with absolute certainty of a cordial welcome. He was devotedly loved by his friends, and personally he had no enemies. He was strong in his friendships, and slow to condemn anyone. He possessed the most perfect command over his temper, and it is said that he was never seen angry. An oath never passed his lips, and he used neither tobacco nor liquors.

Three lives came into his life, and were lived over again in him. Jesus Christ our Saviour, his mother, and George Washington. He was very religious, not ashamed nor afraid to profess himself a Christian. This we know from his army orders, his family letters, and his daily life. Listen to his words:

“In His own good time, He will relieve us, and make all things work together for our good, if we give Him our love, and place in Him our trust.”

So I think we may say, “Everywhere, and always, he had God in his heart.”

Shout then, Oh children, sagas sing,
Of Lee, more valorous than a king;
As princely as that ancient knight
Whose life was lost to make wrong right;
As truthful as the one whose grave
Potomac's waters ever lave;
As steadfast as the Captain gone
Whose heart was pure his whole life long;
The world no nobler soul has known
Than his, the South claims as her own.

—N. E. GRESHAM,
Ode: *The Sword of Lee*.

LITTLE GIFFEN

(One of Lee's Soldiers)

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls as dire—
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen—
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him, and welcome!" the surgeon said;
 "Not the doctor can help the dead!"
 So we took him and brought him where
 The balm was sweet in our summer air;
 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed;
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
 Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
 Months of torture, how many such!
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch,—
 And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
 Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't! Nay! More! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton learned to write—
 "Dear Mother!" at first, of course, and then
 "Dear Captain!" inquiring about the men.
 Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
 Giffen and I are left alive."

"Johnson pressed at the front," they say;—
 Little Giffen was up and away!
 A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
 "I'll write, if spared!" There was news of fight,
 But none of Giffen! He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
 Of the courtly knights of Arthur's ring,
 With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
 And the tender legend that trembles here,
 I'd give the best on his bended knee—
 The whitest soul of my chivalry—
 For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

—FRANCIS ORRAY TICHNOR.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet,
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe,
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Broïdered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day:
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done,
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.



"You may be what you resolve to be."

"Duty is ours, consequences are God's."

—STONEWALL JACKSON.

OUTLINE OF PROGRAM

Commemorating the Birth of General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson

Friday, January 21st

- I. Scripture Reading—II Corinthians, 5.
(Read by Jackson in the presence of his wife when called to Richmond with his cadets at the breaking out of the war.)
- II. A Brief Character Sketch of Jackson.
 1. As a Boy.
 2. As a Student.
 3. As a Husband and Father.
 4. As a Soldier and Christian.
- III. Poem—Stonewall's Way.
- IV. Song—Onward Christian Soldiers.
- V. Features of Valley Campaign Marking Jackson As a Military Genius.
 1. Rapidity of Movement.
 2. Secrecy of Movement.
 3. Knowledge of Movement and Plans of the Enemy.
 4. Aggressiveness In Fighting.
 5. Affection of His Soldiers.
- VI. Poem—Lone Sentry.
- VII. Song—Maryland, My Maryland
(Sung by Jackson's army as they waded the Potomac River.)
- VIII. Idiosyncrasies of Jackson.
- IX. Poem—Observation of Stonewall's Servant.
- X. Song—The Son of God Goes Forth to War.
- XI. Relation of Jackson and Lee.
 1. Jackson's Attitude Toward His Superior Officer.
 2. Lee's Opinion of Jackson.
- XII. Poem—The Brigade Must Not Know, Sir.

SUGGESTED MATERIALS FOR PROGRAM

A BRIEF CHARACTER SKETCH OF JACKSON

As a Boy

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg, Virginia; at least, that was the supposed date of his birth; the family records were lost when their home was broken up and he did not remember dates with accuracy. His father, Jonathan Jackson, was a lawyer with a good mind and a growing practice but like many in those days he had advanced money and endorsed notes for his neighbors which were responsible for the loss of all his property. When Thomas was only three his father died and his mother was left a widow with three small children and without a home or means of support. The Masonic Order, of which Jonathan Jackson had been a member, gave his widow a house of only one room. Here she sewed and taught school to care for her little ones.

When Thomas was six, his mother married Captain Blake Woodson, a lawyer of good education; but he was much her senior and a widower without fortune. His slender means were inadequate to the support of a family and necessity soon compelled the poor mother to give up her two boys to the care of their father's relatives. So Thomas, at the age of six years, had to take leave of his mother. It was a heart-breaking separation and one which he never forgot.

After being with his aunt one year he was sent to see his mother die. Being a Christian, death for her had no sting and Thomas, long years after, said that her dying words and prayer had never been erased from his memory. It is said of him, as a child, that he was strangely quiet and manly. The sadness of his young life made him grave and thoughtful beyond his years. When he was only eight he left his aunt's and walked four or five miles to his cousin's. While eating his dinner he said in a quiet way, "Uncle and I don't agree. I have quit him and shall not go back any more." His cousin tried to show him that he was in fault but he only shook his head and said more firmly, "No, Uncle and I don't agree." He never gave any reasons for the break but it seems from a letter written years afterwards that his uncle had wanted him to go for a mule on Sunday and this was not in keeping with his early training as to the observation of the Sabbath. The next morning he set out alone and walked eighteen miles to the home of his bachelor uncle, Cummins Jackson, the half brother of his father. Here he was with his brother, Warren, and little sister, Laura. The three children went to school when there was any school in the neighborhood. On his uncle's farm the children engaged in youthful enterprises. Thomas would build rabbit snares, bird traps, and even bridges for his little sister to walk on in crossing streams. His boyhood was marked

by the same energy and determination that later marked his career. No matter what he undertook, whether of work or play, he "never gave up."

Warren was a bold and rather restless boy who did not like being dependent. He had heard stories of the ease of making a fortune west of the Ohio and at the age of fourteen he induced Thomas, who was only twelve, to go with him to seek their fortunes in the West. After stopping for a time at the home of their uncle on the Ohio River, they went down that river and for months were not heard from.

In the fall of that year they returned, ragged and ill with chills and fever. Their story was that they made a raft and floated down to one of the lonely islands of the Mississippi where they cut wood for steamboats on the river. Here they spent the summer alone with little food in the midst of a dense forest. At last illness forced them to seek their way homeward.

Later, in the management of his uncle's farm, Thomas learned to put his young shoulders to the wheel and he soon proved so capable that he was intrusted with the duties of overseer of the laborers in getting the largest trees out of the forest and to the mill, in all of which he showed great intelligence, endurance and efficiency.

His Uncle Cummins, it appears, was fond of sports, of fox hunts and horse racing. He kept a number of blooded horses and had a four-mile race track on his farm. Thomas was his trainer. His determination to succeed was shown here, for his neighbors said, "If a horse had any winning qualities whatever in him, Thomas Jackson never failed to bring them out on the turf." Although he spoke of himself as a "wild boy," he was noted for his truthfulness and honesty and kept himself free from all that was impure or degrading.

One of the neighbors, in recalling his childhood, states that there was an instinctive courtesy in his conduct; his sense of justice was very strong and as long as he met with fair treatment he was gentle and peaceful; but he was quick to resent an insult and in a boyish combat would never yield to defeat. He was a ring-leader in boyish sports and whenever he was captain in any game, his side was pretty sure to come off victorious.

His independent spirit caused him to wish to be self-supporting. At the age of seventeen he was made constable of one-half of Lewis County. During the two years that he held this position he kept his accounts with strict accuracy. Several interesting stories are told of his firmness and tact in dealing with debtors.

As a Student

During the three months a year that Thomas attended school he was a diligent, plodding scholar, having a strong mind which was slow in development. In arithmetic he was quick, but in other studies he had

to work hard, yet he always "stuck to it" and would not let go until he had perfected a lesson. In this way he was usually behind the class, not ready to recite and as a result received low marks. He learned slowly but anything he once learned he never forgot. He was slow to decide except when excited but when he made up his mind to do a thing, he did it on short notice and quick time.

A desire for self-improvement had been the passion of his youth. He longed to make a position for himself equal to that of his forefathers. To accomplish this he knew he must secure an education. Therefore, when a vacancy for his Congressional district occurred at the West Point Military Academy, he hurried to Washington to seek appointment to the cadetship. The Secretary of War liked his grit and manliness in answering his questions and gave him the appointment. Noting that he was clad in homespun with only saddle bags for his wardrobe, he said, "Sir, you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first man who insults you, knock him down, and have it charged to my account." An old friend and fellow classmate says, "He had a rough time at the Academy at first for lack of previous training and it was all he could do to pass the examinations. All lights were put out at "taps," ten o'clock, and just before the signal Jackson would pile up his grate with coal and, lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glow of the fire till a late hour of the night. Through his determination to succeed he steadily rose during the four years from the bottom of the class to seventeenth in a class of fifty-two. The students noted his steady climb and said: "If we had to stay here another four years, 'Old Jackson' would be at the head of the class."

Although he had few intimate friends his earnestness and high sense of honor won for him the confidence and respect of his teachers and classmates. While at West Point he wrote in a blank book a number of rules for his life. The first one of these was—"You can be what you resolve to be."

He continued his struggle for self-improvement after graduation. He joined the local debating club in order to improve his public speaking. While confined in the City of Mexico after the Mexican War he began the study of the Spanish language and was soon able to speak it well. Later in life he determined to study Latin, saying, "Whatever I will to do, I can do." He read Shakespeare for recreation and studied his Bible daily. His wife says, "His library was only a small one—a mixture of history, Spanish and French. He often read his Testament in French. During the war he studied almost daily two books—his Bible and the Campaigns of Napoleon."

As a Husband and Father

Colonel Henderson says: "It was only within the portals of his own home that Jackson's real nature disclosed itself. The simple and pathetic pages in which his widow has recorded the story of their married life unfold an almost ideal picture of domestic happiness." Doctor Doheny says that, "In no man were the domestic affections ever more tender and noble. He who saw only him as the stern, self-denying soldier in his quarters, or on the field of battle, scarcely comprehended the gentle sweetness of his home life. In his household the law of love reigned and his sternest rebuke was to say half tenderly, half sadly: 'Ah! that is not the way to be happy.'"

Bayard Taylor's beautiful lines:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

found a true exemplification in his domestic life as shown by his letters.

His only child, Julia, was born during his service in the Civil War. When the baby was five months old Mrs. Jackson visited him in camp. All were impressed with the father's devotion to the child. When she went to sleep he would kneel over her cradle and gaze upon her little face with the most rapt admiration. He once said to his wife, "Do not set your heart upon her except as a gift of God. If she absorbs too much of our hearts God may remove her from us." His wife tells of an incident that shows his ideas of training even the very young: "Little Julia was kicking on the bed to be taken up, and the air was filled with cries that increased in vigor. My husband would allow no one to touch her. 'When she stops crying we will take her up,' he explained, and he remained fixed in his seat by the bed until the enemy surrendered."

As a Soldier and Christian

It is hard for his biographers to explain to the reading public how the soldier and Christian kept house together as illustrated in the life of Jackson. His wife quotes him as exclaiming, "Oh, how I do deprecate war! Should the step be taken that is now threatened, we shall have no alternative. We must fight." Bradford says, "To gratify personal ambition he would have hesitated at destruction and slaughter. But to do his duty, to carry out the designs of Providence, he would override all obstacles and subdue all scruples. In the face of it human sufferings counted simply as nothing." His sister-in-law says, "Never have I known a holier man. Never have I seen a human being as thoroughly governed by duty." General Worsley says, "The most reckless and irreligious of the Confederate soldiers were silent in his presence, and stood abashed before this God-fearing man." His firm belief in an Over-ruling Providence is shown in all his dispatches and messages to headquarters of which the following is a model: "God has given us a

brilliant victory at Harpers Ferry today." Hon. Job W. Daniel says, "His religion tinged all the acts of his life. It was no shining Sunday garment but his uniform at home and abroad, his cloak in bivouac, his armor in battle." He was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of his soldiers, and labored to secure suitable chaplains for his army. "It is my chief desire," he said, "to command a converted army. I am anxious that my men shall be good soldiers of the Cross as well as good soldiers of their country." Henderson says, "He was not a fatalist as some have asserted and, therefore, careless of his own personal safety. While he prayed without ceasing under fire and in camp, he also knew that prayer is not always answered in the way which man would have it. He went into battle with supreme confidence not that the Lord would deliver the enemy into his hand but that whatever happened would be the best that could happen." Thus we see portrayed in this soldier-Christian an uprightness of conduct, a stern will power by which he conquered all difficulties, a firm belief in an Overruling-Providence, and an entire submission to the will of God.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S WAY

(The following verses were found stained with blood, in the breast pocket of a dead soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade, after one of Jackson's battles in the Shenandoah Valley. They are believed to have been written by Dr. F. W. Palmer of Maryland.)

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
 Stir up the camp-fire bright;
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the brigade's rousing song,
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
 Cocked o'er his eye askew—
 The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The "Blue Light, Elder" knows 'em well;
 Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
 Lord save his soul! we'll give him ——," well
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
 Old "Blue Light's" going to pray.
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
 Attention! it's his way!
 Appealing from his native sod
 In *forma pauperis* to God,
 "Lay bare thine arms! Stretch forth thy rod!
 Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now: Fall in!
 Steady! The whole brigade!
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade.
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 Quick step! we're with him before dawn!
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way!

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning—and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Yankees, whipped before:
 "Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
 "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
 In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

Ah, maiden! wait, and watch, and year
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah, widow! read—with eyes that burn,
 That ring upon thy hand!
 Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on:
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
 The foe had better ne'er been born,
 That gets in Stonewall's way.

—F. W. PALMER.

FEATURES OF THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN WHICH MARKED JACKSON AS A MILITARY GENIUS

Rapidity of Movement

Jackson's Infantry was called "foot cavalry" so rapid were its movements. The rapid movement of Jackson's troops in the Valley Campaign contributed largely to his success. Before the opposing general could get reports of his whereabouts he was threatening an attack at some point so distant from his last known position as to create a surprise and even panic. His men used to say, "Old Jack always moves at early dawn except when he starts the day before." One man was heard to say as he struggled along, "Moses took forty years to lead the Israelites through the wilderness, and Old Jack would have double-quickened them through in three days." Some of the marches of his troops have never been surpassed by organized men.

Secrecy of Movement

He seldom confided his plans even to his most trusted lieutenants. There was always a mystery enveloping his army and its movements; the most contradictory reports of his numbers, movements and plans were continually being carried to the Union headquarters. It was a part of his tactics to deceive and mystify the enemy. While campaign-

ing, General Jackson maintained the greatest secrecy in regard to his plans; this habit of his he instilled into his men and they were always silent when questioned. An amusing story is told of one of Hood's Texans whom General Jackson found straggling from his command. "Where are you going, sir?" asked General Jackson. "I don't know," came the reply. "What command do you belong to?" "Don't know, sir." "What State are you from?" "I cannot tell." "What do you know, then, sir?" "Nothing at all at this time, sir," said the Texan. "Old Stonewall says we are to be know-nothings until after the next fight and you shall not make me violate my orders." Jackson laughed and passed on.

Knowledge of the Movements and Plans of the Enemy

His knowledge of the movement and plans of the enemy was usually very accurate and complete and if any link was missing, he supplied the deficiency by an almost prophetic insight. His success was not due to fortunate circumstances but the result of plans based upon carefully collected data and keen knowledge of military psychology. He made such careful and thorough study of the elaborate maps prepared by his engineer, which marked even the foot-paths and mountain rivulets, that his men declared that Jackson "knew every hole and corner of the Valley as well as if he had made it himself." Jackson planned every movement of his entire army, and nearly every detail was carried out under his own eyes.

After the surrender of Harper's Ferry a Federal soldier was heard to say to his comrade as Jackson passed, "Boys, he's not much for looks, but if we'd had him, we wouldn't have been caught in this trap." Another time a Federal officer remarked that his surprise and admiration of Jackson's perfect knowledge of the movements of the Union army was only equalled by the shame and indignation he felt at such incompetency on the part of the Union generals.

Aggressiveness In Fighting

His aggressiveness in fighting is considered the most powerful cause contributing to his success. The moral effect of taking the initiative in battle cannot be too greatly estimated. It was a part of Jackson's character; it was natural for him to strike instead of waiting to be struck. He moved his forces with terrible swiftmess and delivered his blows without hesitation and with a power backed by his own will. "War," he says, "means fighting." His following remark is characteristic of his methods: "Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic stricken and can be destroyed by half their number." Another rule is, "Never fight against heavy odds if by maneuvering you can hurl your own forces on only a part, and

that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army thus may destroy a large one in detail and repeated victory will make it invincible." "One mail a week and three fights a day," said an Irishman, "was the rule in Jackson's army."

Affection of His Soldiers

He had a wonderful hold upon the affection of his soldiers. The common soldier loved him not so much for his successes as for his lofty character. At all times he was strong, truthful, self-denying, and self-sacrificing. He was a hard taskmaster, exacting and severe. "Whatever of personal magnetism existed in Stonewall Jackson," says his biographer, "found no utterance in words." "Whilst his soldiers struggled painfully toward Romney in the teeth of a winter storm, his lips were never opened save for sharp rebuke or brief orders. But the men had confidence in him. He had gotten them out of many a difficulty and something in his manner told them that he would get them out of any difficulty. The sight of his old uniform and scrawny sorrel horse stirred all their nerves and made them march and fight as they could not have done for another man. And then they knew that though he was harsh he was just. He expected great things of them but he would do great things for them. He would slaughter them mercilessly to win a victory; but when it was won he would give them the glory, under God, and would cherish the survivors with a parent's tenderness." Dr. Dabney tells us that on one occasion when Jackson's men had endured hard marching and fierce fighting Jackson himself kept watch saying, "Let the poor fellows sleep; I will guard the camp myself." The poem, "Lone Sentry," a part of which follows, gives a soldier's picture of this watch.

"We do not regard him as a severe disciplinarian," writes one of the soldiers, "but as a Christian, a brave man who appreciates the conditions of a common soldier, as a fatherly protector, as one who endures all hardships in common with his followers, who never commands others to face danger without putting himself in the van." In the fierce battle of Cedar Run one of his regiments began to fall back. Jackson placed himself in front of his men, drew his sword, and cried in a voice of thunder, "Rally, brave men! Jackson will lead you! Follow me!" This turned the tide of battle and the Federal army broke into full retreat.

One of his contemporaries is quoted as saying, "Jackson's genius overcame all obstacles and even turned some of them to his advantage. He used the mountains and impassable forests to screen his movements, the raw and undisciplined troops that came to his hands he fused into a homogeneous army—not very well disciplined soldiers perhaps—but a devoted and loyal body never failing to respond to any demands he made upon them on the march or on the field of battle." Major

General Heth says, "Quick as lightning to take in the situation confronting him, he knew exactly when, where and how to strike, and when he did strike he was as irresistible as a tornado—he swept all before him. Never excited, he was as cool under fire as he would have been if attending church."

It was the above five features of his many campaigns that marked Jackson as a military genius and spread his renown. The plans of his battles are studied by military men and used by them as models of strategy and tactics in America and abroad.

THE LONE SENTRY

'Twas at the dying of the day,
 The darkness grew so still,
 The drowsy pipe of evening birds
 Was hushed upon the hill.
 Athwart the shadows of the vale
 Slumbered the men of might,
 And one lone sentry paced his rounds
 To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
 With deep and sombre brow;
 The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
 Some unaccomplished vow.
 The wistful glance peered o'er the plain
 Beneath the starry light;
 And, with the murmured name of God,
 He watched the camp that night.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF JACKSON

Many, many incidents and anecdotes are told of the peculiarities of Jackson. A few authentic ones are given here with the hope that they will not only be of interest but will also give a better understanding of the motives that actuated his daily activities.

Every statement of his, no matter how unimportant, had to be accurate; or, if inaccurate, corrected. He walked for a mile in the rain one night after ten o'clock to correct a trivial error due to an oversight on his part.

One of his principles was that a man can do what he wills to do. His inability to speak in public annoyed him so that he joined a literary club. At first he could never get through a speech, often having to sit down in the middle of a sentence, and although his efforts were very painful to himself and his hearers he kept trying until he became a very good speaker.

He was noted for being a strict disciplinarian and was no more lenient with himself than with others. While teaching in the Virginia Military Institute he suffered from dyspepsia, which caused drowsiness, and his

eyes were also giving him trouble. In order to do justice to his classes and not strain his eyes he would *stand up* beside his desk and carefully read over the lessons for the next day. Then in the evening he would sit with his face to the wall and go over in his mind the lessons he had read until they were his own. He said that this training was very helpful to him in later life when he had to work out plans in his mind's eye while on the march.

He obeyed the letter as well as the spirit of the law in the commandment to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. He refrained from writing letters on Sunday; he would not read a letter on Sunday; he even timed the sending of his letters so they would not encumber the mail on Sunday. He also refrained as much as possible from worldly conversation. His wife says, "If a secular subject was introduced on Sunday, he would usually say with a smile, 'We will talk about that tomorrow.'"

He made a point of being punctual to a minute. One of his associates at Virginia Military Institute says, "I have known him to walk in front of the superintendent's quarters in a hard rain because the hour had not arrived when it was his duty to present his weekly class report." On one occasion he had sent for his pastor, Dr. White, to hold a religious service with his men. When the hour for their departure struck, Jackson took up the line of march and left his beloved pastor praying.

One of the keynotes of his great success as a soldier was prompt obedience of orders and requiring the same of others. It is said that he continued to wear a thick woolen uniform late in the summer because he had been given orders prescribing that uniform and none directing it to be changed.

He had a delicate regard for the feelings of others and, although rather awkward and constrained, he was inately polite and courteous to all. He made a rule to accept, if possible, all invitations, saying that when a friend had taken the trouble to invite him it was his duty to attend. When the humblest soldier saluted him his hat was lifted in return. To the gray headed darky who bowed before him, he would lift his hat as courteously as to his commander-in-chief.

Even in early childhood Jackson seemed to have had a feeling that it was wrong to yield to weaknesses and difficulties. For this reason he would not let any appetite control him or any weakness overcome him. He used neither coffee, tobacco, nor strong drinks and he went all winter without a cloak or overcoat giving as his reason that he did not wish to give way to cold. Upon being asked if he disliked whiskey he said, "No, I like it, that is the reason I never use it. I am more afraid of it than all the Federal bullets."

There seemed to be no pretentiousness nor desire for display in his make up. Some of his admirers, feeling that their hero would appear to better advantage if mounted on a blooded horse, presented him with one but Jackson preferred the scraggy old sorrel horse because he stood

fire well. He usually rode in a loose shambling manner and was somewhat indifferent about his appearance, preferring the weatherbeaten old uniform to the bright new ones presented him.

Preferring to endure the same hardships as his men, he firmly declined the luxury of hospitable mansions along the line of march. It was said that his headquarters were often under a tree, his couch in a fence corner; his camp outfit little more than a frying pan and blanket. He has been known to ride for three days and nights with practically no rest or food.

He was extremely conscientious in his attention to details. While the soldiers were in camp he was usually poking about in out-of-way places, often riding unattended to outposts at night and talking with the pickets about the movement of the enemy. It will be recalled that just such a mission occasioned his death—he was mistaken for the enemy and fired upon by his own men. When the soldiers would hear a slight noise at night they would say, "There goes Old Jack or a horse."

Jackson's habit of walking in the woods in order to be alone where he could pray aloud caused those who chanced to see him say, "Old Jack is *crazy*." Old Jim, his servant said, "Whenever I misses massa a little while in the day, I allus knows he is prayin' a spell; whenever he's out all night, I knows we are goin' to move next day; but when he stays out and comes back from a long spell of prayin', I knows dars goin' to be a foight somewhar, mighty quick, and dis chile packs up the valuables and gets out of de way, like a sensible cullud pusson." Old Jim was laughingly called Jackson's barometer and this story was the basis for the poem, "Observations of 'Stonewall's' Servant."

OBSERVATIONS OF "STONEWALL'S" SERVANT

"I'll tell you wat, ole Cato,"
 Quoth Cuff by the bright camp-fire,
 "We's gwine to hab a battle;
 Nebber min' dis mud an' mire,
 Nebber min' dis rain wat is fallin'
 Enuff to melt de stones,
 We's gwine to hab a battle,
 I feels it in my bones.

"You passes fur a prophit—
 I'se heerd dat all my life;
 An' you gibs me de name ob 'Foolish'
 Before my berry wife.
 But fur all dat, I tells you
 (Does you hear me, Cato Jones.)
 We's gwine to hab a battle,
 I feels it in my bones."

Then up rose old Cato,
 That swart, yet revered sage,
 With hair as white as lamb's wool,
 And the stiffened limbs of age;
 Yet stately in his presence
 And stalwart in his frame,
 A man in his Maker's image,
 And worthy his Roman name.

He grasps his thorn-stick tightly
 As he stood above the fire,
 With a face in which derision
 Was blended well with ire;
 Then, gazing down on Cuffy
 With an eye intense with scorn,
 He spoke these words of wisdom—
 "You feels it, try a horn!

"Does you tink de great Commander
 Gib such as you to know
 His orders to his captains
 In de night time, Cuffy Crow?
 You hears de masta prayin',
 You listens wen he groans
 And dats de way dis battle
 Am stirrin' in your bones.

"I seed your bead eyes twinklin',
 About de crack of day,
 When de masta stopped his groanin'
 And 'posed his mind to pray;
 But I tought you knowed your manners
 Too well to see or hear
 De soldier in de presence
 Ob his hebbenly Brigadier.

"He prayed like dat old King David
 Wat loved de Lord so well;
 He called on de God ob battles
 For mo den I kin tell.
 I felt my har uprisin',
 Like Job's, upon my head,
 When he 'voked de precious sperits
 Ob our ole Virginny dead.

"No organ in white folks' churches
 Ebber pealed so grand a sound
 As de masta's voice discoursin'
 'Bout habbin' Satan bound.
 He prayed like dat holy Samuel
 Wat broke de pride ob Saul;
 Den I knowed de white trash Linkum
 Boun' to hab anoder fall.

"Dis day dese words am proven,
 We goes to meet de foe;
 It takes no nigga prophit
 To guess dat, Cuffy Crow.
 For whenever he prays and groans,
 Why dem dat lies by his camp-fire
 Feel battle in dere bones."

—MRS. WARFIELD, Beechmore, Ky.

RELATION OF JACKSON AND LEE*

Jackson's Attitude Toward His Superior Officer, Lee

The study of the practical military relations of the two great commanders, Jackson and Lee, is of extreme interest and gives an insight into the character of each.

When Jackson and Lee first met does not appear. Jackson said early in the war that he had known Lee for twenty-five years. They may have seen something of each other in Mexico. They may have seen something of each other in Virginia before the war. If so, there seems to be no record of it. At any rate, Jackson thought well of Lee from the first, and said of him when he was appointed to command the Virginia forces, "His services I regard as of more value to us than General Scott could render as a commander. . . . It is understood that General Lee is to be commander-in-chief. I regard him as a better officer than General Scott."

From that beginning the lieutenant's loyalty to his chief grew steadily, not only his loyalty but his personal admiration and affection. He remarked to McGuire after visiting Lee in the hospital, "General Lee is the most perfect animal form I ever saw." But illustrations on a somewhat broader plane are abundant enough. "General Lee has always been very kind to me and I thank him," said Jackson simply, as he lay on his death-bed.

The enthusiasm of that ardent nature was ever ready to show itself in an almost over-zealous devotion. Lee once sent word that he should be glad to talk with his subordinate at his convenience on some matter of no great urgency. Thereupon Jackson immediately rode to headquarters through the most inclement weather. When Lee expressed surprise at seeing him, the other answered, "General Lee's lightest wish is a supreme command to me, and I always take pleasure in prompt obedience." If we consider what Jackson's nature was, it is manifest that he gave the highest possible proof of loyalty when in response to the suggestion that he return to an individual command in the Valley, he answered that he did not desire it, but in every way preferred a subordinate position near General Lee.

Jackson's personal affection for Lee was, of course, intimately bound up with confidence in his military ability. Even in the early days, when Jackson had been in vain demanding reinforcements and word was

*Bradford Gamaliel, Jr., "Lee and Jackson," *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1911, pp. 778-788.

brought of Lee's appointment to supreme command, Jackson's comment was, "Well, madam, I am reinforced at last." On various occasions, when others doubted Lee's judgment or questioned his decisions, Jackson was entirely in agreement with his chief. For instance, Longstreet disapproved Lee's determination to fight at Sharpsburg, and Ropes and other critics have since condemned it. Jackson, however, though he had no part in it, gave it his entire and hearty approval.

I do not find anywhere, even in the most private letters, a disposition in Jackson to quarrel with Lee's plans or criticize his arrangements. On the contrary, when objections are made, he is ready to answer them, and eagerly, and heartily, "General Lee is equal to any emergency that may arise. I trust implicitly in his great ability and superior wisdom."

Jackson had plans of his own and sometimes talked of them. He was asked why he did not urge them upon Lee. "I have done so," was his answer. "And what does he say to them?" "He says nothing. But do not understand that I complain of his silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it. He is wise and prudent. He feels that he bears a fearful responsibility and he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purpose to a subordinate like me."

Again someone found fault with Lee's slowness. Jackson contradicted warmly: "General Lee is not slow. No one knows the weight upon his heart, his great responsibility. He is commander-in-chief, and he knows that if an army is lost, it cannot be replaced. No! There may be some persons whose good opinion of me will make them attach some weight to my views, and if you ever hear that said of General Lee, I beg you will contradict it in my name. I have known General Lee for twenty-five years; he is cautious; he ought to be. But he is not slow." And he concluded with one of the finest expressions of loyalty ever uttered by a subordinate, and such a subordinate: "Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfold."

After this, who can question the sincerity of the words spoken on his death-bed, "Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee!"

Lee's Opinion of Jackson

And what did Lee think of Jackson? As always, Lee's judgments are more difficult to get at. He did not hesitate to advise Jackson as freely as he would any other subordinate. He even frequently gave sharp orders, approaching sternness. "You must use your discretion and judgment in these matters, and be careful to husband the strength of your command as much as possible." Yet Lee's deep affection for his great lieutenant and perfect confidence in him are beyond question. It has been well pointed out that this is proved practically by the fact that the commander-in-chief always himself remained with Longstreet and left Jackson to operate independently, as if the former were more in need of personal supervision. Lee's own written words to Jackson are

also—for Lee—very enthusiastic: “Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation.”

Jackson’s wound and death and the realization of his loss produced at a later time expressions of a warmth so unusual as to be almost startling. “If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I should have won that battle.” “Such an executive officer the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design, and I know that if it can be done it will be done.” The messages sent to the dying general are as appreciative as they are tender. “You are better off than I am, for while you have only lost your left, I have lost my right arm.” “Tell him that I am praying for him, as I believe I have never prayed for myself.” And only those who are familiar with Lee can appreciate the agony of the parting outcry, “Jackson will not—he cannot die!” General Lee exclaimed in a broken voice, and waving every one from him with his hand, “He cannot die.”

“THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR!”

(On the evening of the first day’s fight at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, where Stonewall Jackson had accomplished his famous flank movement around the Union right, he rode out to inspect the ground for the morrow’s battle, and in the darkness was taken for the enemy and shot by some of his own pickets. He died on the 10th of May following.)

“Who’ve ye got there?”—“Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now.”

“Good boy! he’ll do. Somebody tell his mother—
Where he was killed, and how.”

“Whom have you here?”—“A crippled courier, Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear,
He was with Stonewall.”—“Cruel work they’ve made here;
Quick with him to the rear!”

“Well, who comes next?”—“Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir;
Don’t let the men find out!
It’s STONEWALL!”—“God!”—“The brigade must not know, sir,
While there’s a foe about!”

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr’s charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

—J. W. PALMER.



PROGRAM

FOR

TEMPERANCE OR LAW AND ORDER DAY

Friday

January 28, 1927

PROGRAM
for
TEMPERANCE OR LAW AND ORDER DAY

Friday, January 28, 1927

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies."

—From *The American's Creed*.

- I. Song—Battle Hymn of the Republic.
- II. Prayer.
- III. Address—Law and Order—Calvin Coolidge.
- IV. Temperance in the Public Schools—Claxton.
- V. Poem—The Builder.
- VI. Lessons in Patriotism.
- VII. The Athenian Oath.
- VIII. Song—America.
- IX. A Champion of the Cause of Temperance—Frances E. Willard.
(A brief character sketch.)
- X. Poem—The Better Way.
- XI. Pledges to the Flag.
- XII. Our Flag—What it Means.
- XIII. Pageant—Our Country's Purpose. (For seven children.)
- XIV. Song—The Old North State.

MATERIALS FOR USE IN PREPARING A PROGRAM

for

TEMPERANCE OR LAW AND ORDER DAY

January 28, 1927

A PRAYER

God, make me a man—
Give me the strength to stand for right
When other folks have left the fight.
Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he wills he can.
Teach me to see in every face
The good, the kind and not the base.
Make me sincere in word and deed,
Blot out from me all sham and greed.
Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active self-control.
Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play,
And keep me pure from day to day.
O make of me a man!

—HARLAN G. METCALF.

LAW AND ORDER

“There are strident voices urging resistance to law in the name of freedom. They are not seeking freedom even for themselves—they have it; they are seeking to enslave others. Their works are evil. They know it. They must be resisted. The evil they represent must be overcome by the good others represent. These ideas which are wrong, for the most part imported, must be supplanted by ideas which are right. This can be done. The meaning of America is a power which cannot be overcome.

“It is fundamental that freedom is not to be secured by disobedience to law. Even the freedom of the slave depended on the supremacy of the Constitution. There is no mystery about this. ‘They who sin are the servants of sin.’ They who break the laws are the slaves of their own crime. It is not for the advantage of others that the citizen is abjured to obey the laws, but for his own advantage. What he claims a right to do to others, that must he admit others have a right to do to him. His obedience is his own protection. He is not submitting himself to the dictates of others, but responding to the requirements of his own nature. Laws are not manufactured, they are not imposed; they are rules of action existing from everlasting to everlasting. He who resists them resists himself; he commits suicide. The nature of man requires sovereignty. Government must govern. To obey is life. To disobey is death. Organized government is the expression of the life of the Commonwealth.”—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

TEMPERANCE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"With all persons who are interested in the education of children, in the upbuilding of humanity, and the attainment of the highest ideals of a democracy, I rejoice at the coming of prohibition for the United States. In the creation of a sentiment which has resulted first in local option, then in state prohibition, and now in national prohibition, the schools of the country have played a very important part—in fact, probably a major part. It is a good illustration of the truth of the saying that 'Whatsoever we would have in the nation in the next generation we should put into the school of this generation.'

"We must, however, remember that the fight for temperance, sobriety, clean and healthy living is not fully won. In fact, it never will be finally won. It can only be won for a single generation at a time, or even for a few years at a time. It is, therefore, necessary that the teaching of health and of things pertaining thereto should be continued in our schools and emphasized more than it has been in the past."—
HON. P. P. CLAXTON, former U. S. Commissioner of Education.

THE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway,
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed at the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I've come," he said,
"There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way;
This chasm that has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him."

—C. A. KOLLS.

LESSONS IN PATRIOTISM

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Patriotism

What is Patriotism?

“The peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct.”—WOODROW WILSON.

“Patriotism is merely another name for those qualities of soul which make a man in peace or in war by day or by night think of his duty to his fellows and of his duty to the nation through which their and his loftiest aspirations must find their fitting expressions.”—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

What is American Liberty?

“Liberty guaranteed by the Constitution is liberty regulated by law. The law which regulates liberty is that which is adopted upon the will of the majority for the general public benefit.”—WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

Law Observance and Law Enforcement

What is the Law in America?

“The law represents the voice of the people. Beyond it, and supporting it, is a divine sanction. Enforcement of law and obedience to law, by the very nature of our institutions, are not matters of choice in this republic, but the expression of a moral requirement of living in accordance with the truth.

“They are clothed with a spiritual significance, in which is revealed the life or the death of the American ideal of self-government.”—PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

Can Government Exist Without Obedience to Law?

“The very idea of the power and right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

“All obstructions to the execution of the laws, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle.”—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Are All Classes in America Subject to the Law?

“Ours must be a law-abiding republic, and reverence and obedience must spring from the influential leaders among men, as well as obedi-

ence from the humbler citizen, else the temple will collapse.”—
WARREN G. HARDING.

Is Law Enforcement Necessary?

“In order to maintain the Union unimpaired, it is absolutely necessary that the laws passed by the constituted authorities should be faithfully executed in every part of the country, and that every good citizen should, at all times, stand ready to put down, with the combined force of the nation, every attempt at unlawful resistance, under whatever pretext it may be made, or whatever shape it may assume.”—
ANDREW JACKSON.

What is the Duty of Citizens Relative to the Law?

“It is the duty of a citizen not only to observe the law but to let it be known that he is opposed to its violation.”—PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

Constitutional Rights and Obligations

What Must We Do to Support the Constitution?

“We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other; and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully whatever of difficulty or of danger, whatever of effort or of sacrifice, the providence of God may call upon us to meet.

“Are we of this generation so derelict, have we so little of the blood of our Revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins, that we cannot preserve what they achieved?”—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Is the Eighteenth Amendment a Valid Part of the Constitution?

“The Eighteenth Amendment is the will of America and must be sustained by the government and public opinion, else contempt for the law will undermine our very foundation.”—WARREN G. HARDING.

Is Disobedience of Constitutional Amendments Justifiable?

“When a two-thirds majority of Congress and three-fourths of the state legislatures adopt a constitutional amendment, and a majority of each house of Congress passes a law to enforce it, the rules of the game of popular government are that all living under that government must obey. It is not patriotic, it is not sportsmanlike to evade or disobey.”—CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT.

Ideals of Americanism*

What is Americanism?

The term Americanism is heard frequently in these days. It is right, therefore, to ask for an interpretation of Americanism. The interpretation must come up from the whole people, and must represent the fundamental trends of American life and thought, the ideals in action of our great American people. Americanism is behavior in harmony with American ideals. It can be nothing else. It is not a matter for easy definition or snap judgment. It is a matter for careful study.

*The selections on Americanism were taken from “What is Americanism?” by Wilson, published by Silver, Burdett and Company.

Who is the Good American?

The good American exhibits in his behavior and thinking the ideals of our great American people. As I analyze our ideals, I am willing to say quite definitely that I think the good American

- is clean and healthy in his habits.
- is law abiding.
- is a good worker, industrious and self-supporting.
- seeks education and self-improvement.
- is temperate, economical, and saves enough to provide for a family, and for old age.
- is honest, trustworthy, reliable.
- is a student and thinker. He studies and thinks through before reaching a decision.
- is tolerant of the opinions and preferences of others.
- plays fair and open, does not seek undue advantage, wants simple justice.
- is prompt in the performance of duties, large or small.
- coöperates with his fellows.
- is kind and sympathetic, a lover of peace, a begetter of good will and friendship.
- is loyal and patriotic, a good citizen every day.
- is reverent.

What is the Platform of Americanism? What are the Ideals?

The good American, in order that his behavior may be consistent, has reduced his code of action to definite ideals.

- health and cleanliness.
- equality of opportunity.
- respect for law.
- liberty under law.
- self-control, temperance, sobriety in thought and action.
- the dignity of labor.
- public education at public expense.
- savings (they make possible social progress).
- honesty the best policy.
- the sacredness of truth.
- right for right's sake.
- study and thought before action.
- toleration. (It is an American principle.)
- fair play and simple justice.
- public office as a public trust.
- faithful fulfillment of obligations.
- performance of duty.
- coöperation.
- kindness.
- loyalty.
- reverence.

This is a worthy platform, worthy of the great American people. It has twenty-one planks. If you want a still simpler platform, go back to the ancients. They recognized four cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, temperance, fortitude. You will find it interesting and worthwhile to take these four cardinal virtues of the ancients and see how many of the planks noted above you can put under them. The important thing is not a platform that reads well, but one that carries over into daily behavior. If rightly used as a basis of action your ideals will determine the course of your life and your ultimate goal. They give a set, as it were, to your soul. This idea is well expressed by Frank B. McAllister in the following stanzas:

THE SET OF THE SAIL

One ship drives east and another drives west,
While the selfsame breezes blow;
It's the set of the sails and not the gales,
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the seas are the ways of the fates,
As we voyage along through life;
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the storms or the strife.

How Can You Qualify for One Hundred Per Cent Americanism?

It is not necessary to be twenty-one years of age in order to qualify for one hundred per cent Americanism. If you were born in America, you are an American citizen. You should be proud of that fact. Become familiar with the best in American ideals, and govern your daily action accordingly. Begin where you are.

- work hard, but intelligently.
- coöperate fully and understandingly.
- be fair, in work and play.
- build up good habits.
- be loyal.
- do all the things that should characterize the good American.

Your teacher can help you in your development in Americanism. William McAndrew, one of our greatest living educators, thinks that the school should be a true democracy. The old school was too frequently an autoeracy. Brand Whitlock says the school of his boyhood was a jail. This is as unnecessary as it is undesirable. Teachers have learned to apply the principles of American democracy to the schoolroom. Pupils work better when they know the reasons for tasks, and their value, and when the tasks are given pointed application to present-day situations. Thus the pupil is made a coöperator with the teacher. The modern schoolroom should develop the true spirit of Americanism.

A PATRIOTIC CREED

To serve my country day by day
 At any humble post I may;
 To honor and respect her flag,
 To live the traits of which I brag;
 To be American in deed
 As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
 To till my little patch of soil
 And keep in mind the debt I owe
 To them who died that I might know
 My country, prosperous and free,
 And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour
 Be guided by the men in power;
 For God and country I must live,
 My best for God and country give;
 No act of mine that men may scan
 Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
 American in mind and heart;
 To serve the flag and bravely stand
 To guard the glory of my land;
 To be American in deed,
 God grant me strength to keep this creed.

—EDGAR GUEST.

THE ATHENIAN OATH

“We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideal and sacred things of the city both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater than it was transmitted to us.”

A CHAMPION OF THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE— FRANCES E. WILLARD

Every cause has its pioneers. Frances E. Willard, one of the outstanding champions of the cause of Temperance, died about twenty years too soon to see the achievement of the two great ends to which she applied her extraordinary powers—national prohibition and woman suffrage—objects regarded by her as one and inseparable. But for nearly twenty-five years, ending with her death in 1898, they were the very

breath of her being and there can be no doubt that the lavish expenditure of her gifts of organization, of utterance through the spoken and written word, and of direct personal influence, all employed with enormous physical energy, bore a vital relation to the ultimate adoption of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Any consideration of her character and career must take into account her part in the temperance movement and her ability as an effective reformer.

Through both her father, Josiah Flint Willard, and her mother, Mary Thompson (Hill) Willard, she inherited the sturdiest New England qualities of self-reliance. She liked to interpret the name Willard as meaning "one who wills" and did not reject its other definition, "will-hard."

Throughout her girlhood "Frank" Willard, as she was often called, revealed many qualities which marked her as a young woman out of the ordinary. As a student in school she had both ambition and ability coupled with rare qualities of leadership. The formative years of her life were filled with enlarging experiences—in teaching, in an escape from matrimony, in deep bereavement, and in foreign travel.

Study, travel, and many human relationships had enriched her mind and spirit. She was filled with zeal to make the world a better place through her sharing in its affairs, and when the "temperance door" opened she responded to the appeal. She was very ambitious and frankly fond of approbation. She had no hesitation in recording as her "chief besetting sins"—"a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too ready tongue, and the purpose to be a celebrated person." In writing of herself she said, "I always wanted to react upon the world about me to my utmost ounce of power; to be widely known, loved, and believed in—the more widely the better. Every life has its master passion; this has been mine."

Ambition, self-confidence, the inevitable egotism of the reformer, the sense of responsibility, all curbed and directed by a deep and genuine spirit of religion—these forces joined in Frances Willard—made her the power she was.

As a temperance advocate and as president of the National W. C. T. U., which post she served for nineteen years, she spoke in every city and town in the United States, numbering more than ten thousand inhabitants and in most of those with five thousand. During her years of active life she probably addressed a larger number of public audiences than any man or woman of her time. In the course of a year she answered 20,000 letters. Frances Willard brought to the cause she led—the religious work of women for temperance—a sincerity and a directing force which must be counted among the powerful agencies leading to the adoption of prohibition as a national policy.

Miss Willard's early desire to become a celebrated person was abundantly gratified. There is no more striking proof of this than that when

the State of Illinois chose Frances E. Willard as the subject of one of the two statues representing the State in Statuary Hall at Washington. She was the only woman so chosen by any state. But the marble figure represents more than a person—it represents a far-reaching influence. This was exerted through manifold channels: publications, educational work in schools, effort affecting legislation, public meetings, endeavor in directions innumerable, all under the guidance of the national and world organizations of which Miss Willard was the head.—Adapted from "*Causes and Their Champions*" by HOWE.

THE BETTER WAY

He serves his country best
 Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
 For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
 And song but one; and law within the breast
 Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
 There is a better way.

He serves his country best
 Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
 And walks straight paths, however others stray,
 And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
 A stainless record, which all men may read;
 This is the better way.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

PLEDGES TO THE FLAG

"I give my head and my heart to God and my country—one country, one language, one flag!"

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

OUR FLAG—WHAT IT MEANS

Our flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War.
 It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant.

It means justice.

It means liberty.

It means happiness.

Our flag carries American ideals, American history and American feelings.

Every color means liberty.

Every thread means liberty.

Every star means liberty.

Every stripe means liberty.

The flag does not mean lawlessness, but liberty through law, and laws for liberty.

Forget not what it means. For the sake of its ideals be true to your country's flag.—Adapted from an address by Henry Ward Beecher.

PAGEANT—OUR COUNTRY'S PURPOSE

(Exercise for seven pupils. Appropriate costumes may be used if desired but are not essential. All except "Alcoholic Drinks" carry American flags. "Alcoholic Drinks" might carry the black flag.)

Herald: I am the Spirit of America. When our fathers founded this nation, they declared something new in government. They said that the purpose of government was to protect and secure the rights, not of the few, but of all the people. Stand forth and tell us what they did.

First Pupil: I am the Mayflower Compact. When the Pilgrims came to America in 1760, before they landed to make their homes they met in the cabin of the Mayflower and signed a paper which they called a compact. In it they agreed together that for the good of all they would make laws for themselves, and that they would obey those laws.

Second Pupil: I am the Declaration of Independence: When our ancestors signed me in 1776, I declared that the object of a government is to protect the lives, liberty, safety, and happiness of all the people.

Third Pupil: I am the Constitution of the United States. When our fathers adopted me in 1788, they agreed to the reasons I give for establishing our government. One of these reasons is to promote the public welfare, that is, the well-being of all the people.

In Unison: The only reason we have a government is to give right and justice to all who live under it.

(Fourth pupil, "Alcoholic Liquor," steals up behind the speakers.)

Herald: Who are you, and why are you here?

Fourth Pupil: I am Alcoholic Liquor. I came with the fathers to America. They did not understand then that I would be an enemy to the welfare of the people. Even in the early days I caused drunkenness and trouble. The people used more and more of me. Many enjoyed me, but I caused sickness and accidents. I made many strong men weak, made slaves of their wills, took their money, so that their homes were wretched and unhappy. I thus stole the rights of their children to be happy, often leaving them cold, hungry or cruelly treated. But the liquor traffic that sold me wanted the money of your people. It still wants it. It started the very first rebellion against the laws of the young United States. It still disobeys the laws now to sell me. (Folds arms defiantly.)

Herald: What defenses has America against this enemy, Alcoholic Liquor, that would make slaves of many men and spoil the rights of children?

Fifth Pupil: I am one. I am a Decision of the United States Supreme Court, the highest court in the land. Many years ago, I remembered that our fathers planned a government that should protect the welfare of the people. Everybody knew that the general use of alcoholic liquors might do harm to the health, the safety and the morals of the people, that it caused some of the idleness, disorder, poverty, and

crime that made people wretched. Hence I said that no citizen of the United States had an inherent right to sell intoxicating liquors.

Sixth Pupil: And I am the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Because our government was founded to promote the welfare of all its citizens, and because the traffic in alcoholic liquors hurt men and women and made children unhappy, the American people, after fighting intemperance more than a century, put me into the Constitution. Here are my commands:

1. After one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.
2. The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Seventh Pupil: I am a Message of the President of the United States. I declare that though "character, industry, thrift and self-control must come from the people themselves," nevertheless, "the government can and should always be vigilant to maintain the conditions under which these virtues are most likely to develop. This is the American policy. In accordance with this principle we have enacted laws to protect the public health, and have adopted prohibition in narcotic drugs and intoxicating liquor."

Herald: All this our fathers have done for us. What is our part in making America completely free from the evils of alcoholic liquors?

In Unison: To refuse to encourage by our example the drinking customs that lead to enslaving drink habits.

To help make known the harmful effects of alcoholic liquors.

To obey the laws forbidding the liquor traffic.

To unite with others in defending our country from the drink traffic.

(Join hands.) IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

(As pupils join hands, "Alcoholic Liquor" turns away and slowly retires with bent head as pupils sing from "America the Beautiful":)

O beautiful for patriotic dream

That sees beyond the years

Thy alabaster cities gleam

Undimmed by human tears.

(Pupils turn and march in other direction from "Alcoholic Liquor" while entire school joins in singing:)

America, America,

God send his grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea.

A NATION'S BUILDERS

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men, who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE OLD NORTH STATE

(Traditional air as sung in 1926)

WILLIAM GASTON

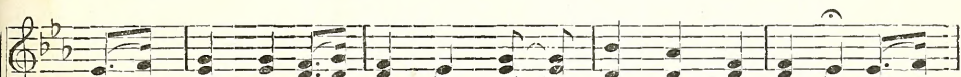
With spirit

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY MRS. E. E. RANDOLPH



1. Car - o - li - na! Car - o - li - na! heav-en's bless-ings at - tend her,
2. Tho' she en - vies not oth - ers, their mer - it - ed glo - ry,
3. Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in,



While we live we will cher - ish, pro - tect and de - fend her, Tho' the
Say whose name stands the fore - most, in lib - er - ty's sto - ry, Tho' too
As hap - py a re - gion as on this side of heav-en, Where



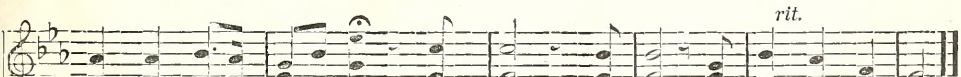
scorn - er may sneer at and wit - lings de - fame her, Still our hearts swell with
true to her - self e'er to crouch to op - pres-sion, Who can yield to just
plen - ty and peace, love and joy smile be - fore us, Raise a - loud, raise to -



CHORUS



glad - ness when ev - er we name her.
rule a more loy - al sub - mis - sion. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the
geth - er the heart thrill - ing cho - rus.



Old North State for - ev - er, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the good Old North State.



Photomount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

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